THE STORY OF

Little Riding Hood

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHRISTOPHER BING

$18.99 U.S.

For hundreds of years, storytellers, artists, and listeners have been intrigued by "Little Red Riding Hood," the tale of the brave little girl who comes upon a hungry wolf deep in the forest.

In this lavish new edition, masterful illustrator Christopher Bing brings his unique talent to the world of this folktale. His keen eye for detail and the exquisitely fine stroke of his pen bring to life the palpable threat of the wolf, the darkness of the forest, the delicate beauty of a handful of wildflowers, and the feisty girl making her way to grandmother's house. But his illustrations go far beyond merely meticulously depicting a timeless tale—they also open up a rich and varied landscape of the imagination.

This volume contains both the Brothers Grimm story with its happy rescue of Grandmother and Little Red Cap, and the earlier, darker version of the tale as retold by Charles Perrault.

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This book is for Tessa,
my inspirational muse for
Little Red Riding Hood
and one-third of
my wife Wendy's and my
heart's song to the future
of mankind.

Bing

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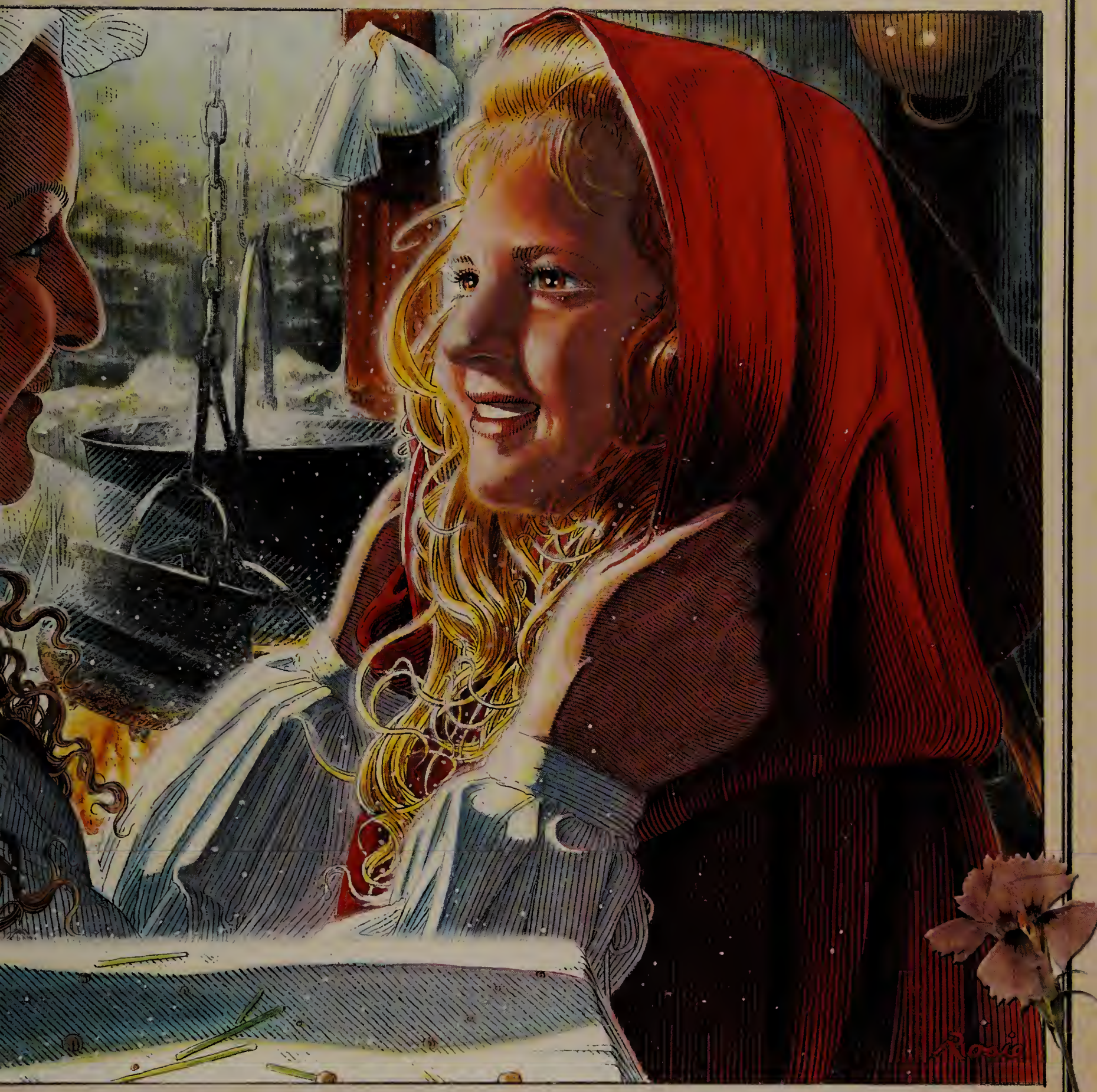
Karen

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a charming little girl. Everyone who set eyes on her adored her. The person who loved her most of all was her grandmother, and she was always giving her presents. Once she made her a little hood of red velvet. It was so becoming that the girl wanted to wear it all the time, and so she came to be called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, the girl's mother said to her, "Little Red Riding Hood, here are some cakes and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother. She's ill and feels



weak, and they will make her strong. You'd better start off now, before it gets too hot, and when you're out in the woods, look straight ahead of you like a good little girl and don't stray from the path. Otherwise you'll fall and break the bottle, and then there'll be nothing for Grandmother. And when you walk into her parlor, don't forget to say good morning, and don't go poking around in all the corners of the house."

"I'll do just as you say," Little Red Riding Hood promised her mother.

Grandmother lived deep in the woods, about half an hour's walk from the village. No sooner had Little Red Riding Hood set foot in the forest than she met the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood had no idea what a wicked beast he was, and so she wasn't in the least afraid of him.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood," the wolf said.

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Wolf," she replied.

"Where are you headed so early this morning, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"To Grandmother's house," she replied.

"What's that tucked under your apron?"

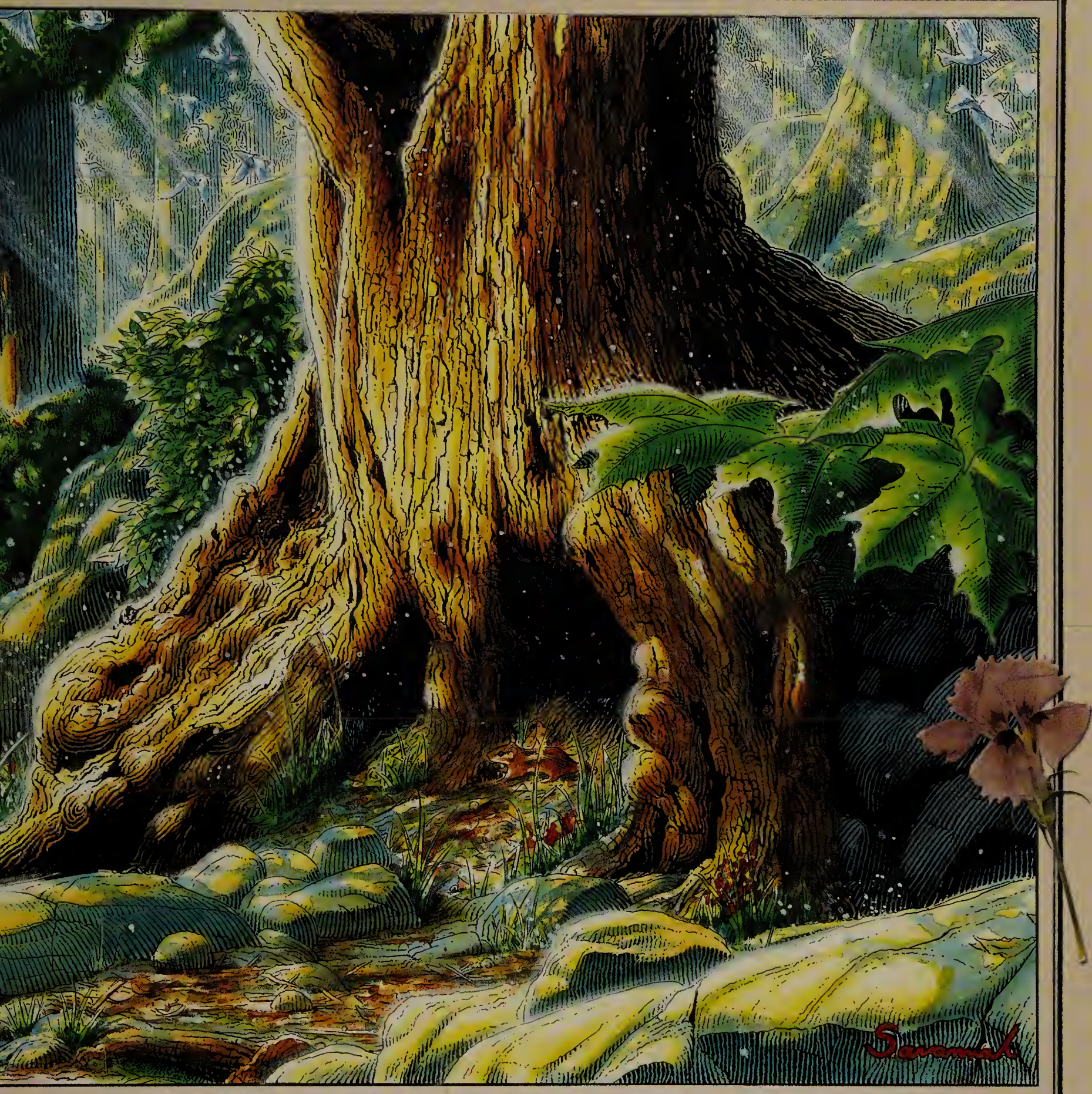
"Some cakes and wine. Yesterday we baked, and Grandmother, who is ill and feeling weak, needs something to make her better," she replied.

"Where is your grandmother's house, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"It's a good quarter of an hour's walk into the woods, right under the three big oak trees. You must know the place from the hazel hedges around it," said Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought to himself, "That tender young thing will make a nice dainty snack! She'll taste even better than the old woman. If you're really crafty, you'll get them both."

The wolf walked alongside Little Red Riding Hood for a while. Then he said, “Little Red Riding Hood, have you noticed the beautiful flowers all around? Why don’t you stay and look at them for a while? I don’t



think you've even heard how sweetly the birds are singing. You're acting as if you were on the way to school, when it's so much fun out here in the woods."

Little Red Riding Hood looked with eyes wide open and noticed how the sunbeams were dancing in the trees. She caught sight of the beautiful flowers all around and thought, "If you bring Grandmother a fresh bouquet, she'll be overjoyed. It's still so early in the morning that I'm sure to get there in plenty of time."

Little Red Riding Hood left the path and ran off into the woods looking for flowers. As soon as she had picked one, she caught sight of an even more beautiful one somewhere else and went after it. And so she went ever deeper into the woods.

The wolf ran straight to Grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Little Red Riding Hood. I've brought some cakes and wine. Open the door."

"Just raise the latch," Grandmother called out. "I'm too weak to get out of bed."

The wolf raised the latch, and the door swung wide open. Without saying a word, he went straight to Grandmother's bed and gobbled her right up. Then he put on her clothes and her nightcap, lay down in her bed, and drew the curtains.

Meanwhile, Little Red Riding Hood was running around looking for flowers. When she had so many in her arms that she couldn't carry any more, she suddenly remembered Grandmother and got back on the path leading to her house. She was surprised to find the door open,

and when she stepped into the house, she had such a strange feeling that she thought, "Oh, my goodness, I'm usually so glad to be at Grandmother's house, but today I feel really uncomfortable."

Little Red Riding Hood called out a hello, but there was no reply.

Then she went over to the bed and pulled back the curtains. Grandmother was lying there with her nightcap pulled down over her face. She looked very strange.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have!"
"The better to hear you with."
"Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"
"The better to see you with."

"Oh, Grandmother, what big hands you have!"
"The better to grab you with!"
"Oh, Grandmother, what a big scary mouth you have!"
"The better to eat you with!"

No sooner had the wolf said these words than he leaped out of bed and gobbled up poor Little Red Riding Hood.

Once the wolf had stilled his appetite, he lay back down in the bed, fell asleep, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman happened to be passing by the house just then and thought, "How loudly the old woman is snoring! I'd better check to see if anything's wrong." He walked into the house and, when he reached the bed, he realized that a wolf was lying in it.

"I've found you at last, you old sinner," he said. "I've been after you for a long time now."

He pulled out his musket and was about to take aim when he realized that the wolf might have eaten Grandmother and that he could still save her.

Instead of firing, he took out a pair of scissors and began cutting open the belly of the sleeping wolf. After making a few cuts, he caught sight of a red cap. He made a few more cuts, and a girl leaped out, crying, "Oh, I was so terrified! It was so dark in the belly of the wolf."

Although she could barely breathe, the aged grandmother also found her way back out of the belly. Little Red Riding Hood quickly fetched some large stones and filled the wolf's belly with them. When the wolf awoke, he tried to race off, but the stones were so heavy that his legs collapsed, and he fell down dead.

Little Red Riding Hood, her grandmother, and the huntsman were elated. The huntsman skinned the wolf and took the pelt home with him. Grandmother ate the cakes and drank the wine that Little Red Riding

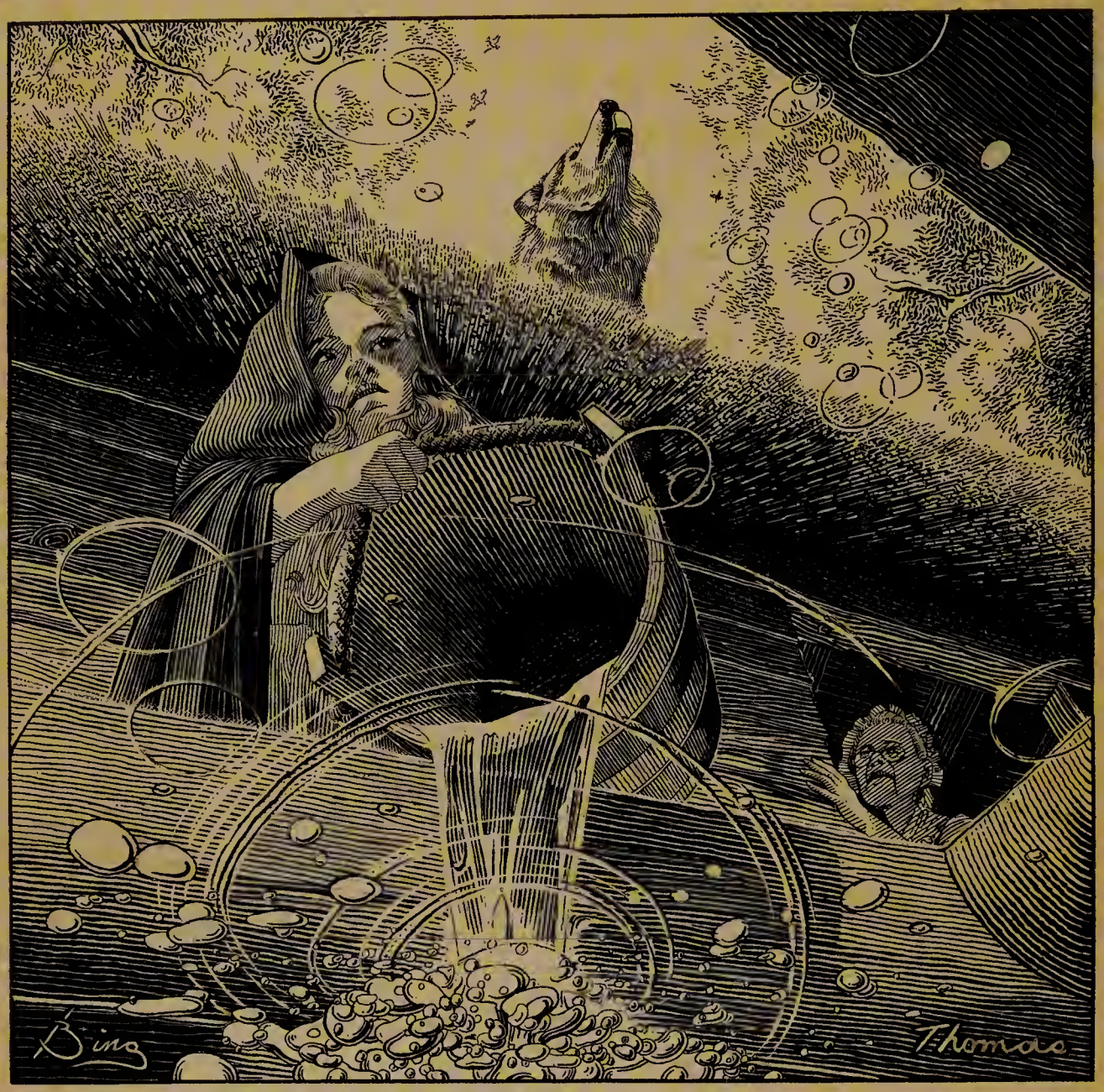
Hood had brought her and recovered her health. Little Red Riding Hood said to herself, "Never again will you stray from the path and go into the woods when your mother has forbidden it."

There is a story about another time that Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf on the way to Grandmother's house, while she was bringing her some cakes. The wolf tried to get her to stray from the path, but Little Red Riding Hood was on her guard and kept right on going. She told her grandmother that she had met a wolf and that he had greeted her. But he had looked at her in such an evil way that, "If we hadn't been out in the open, he would have gobbled me right up."

"Well then," said Grandmother. "We'll just lock the door so he can't get in."

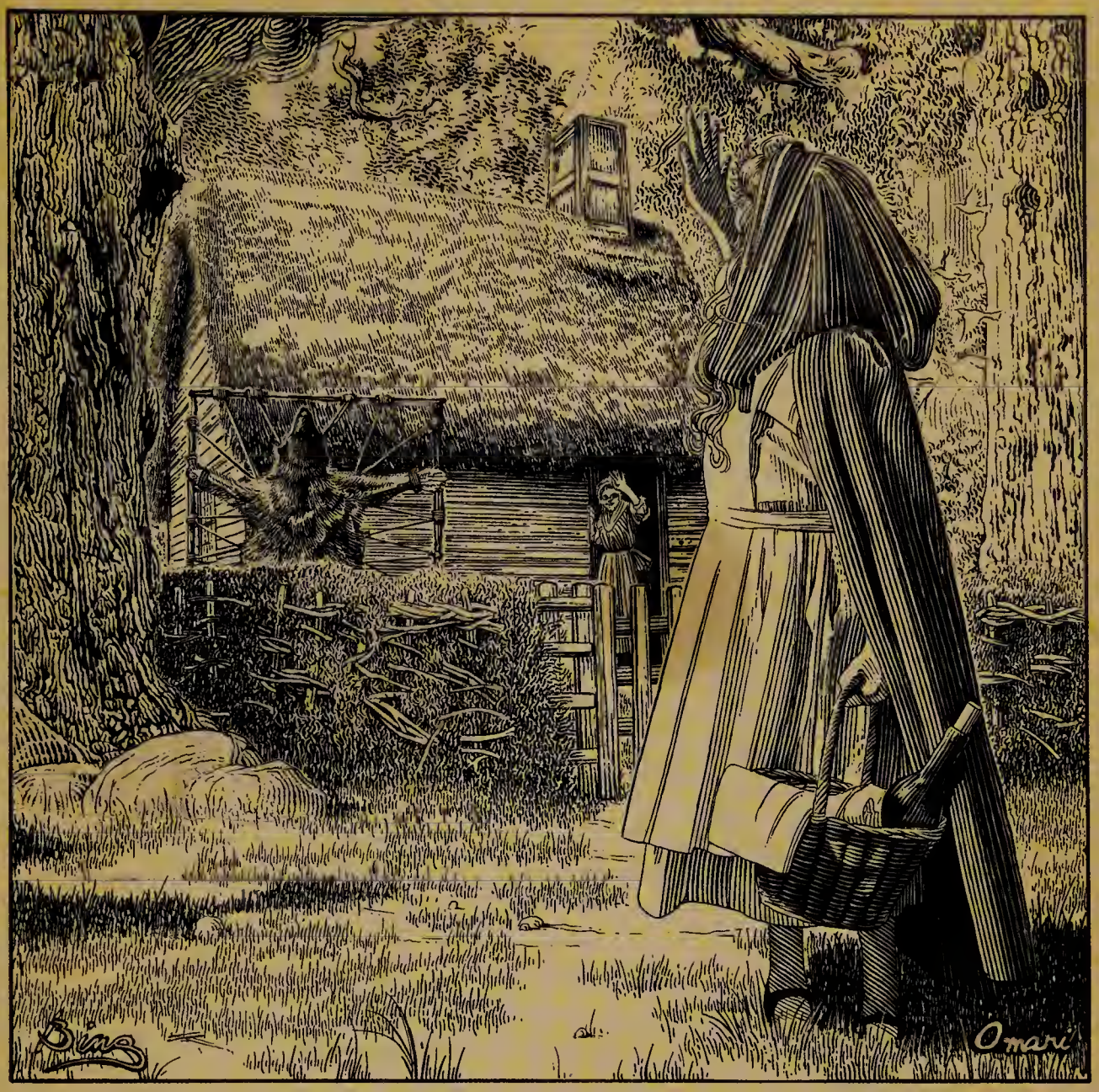
A little while later the wolf knocked at the door and called out, "Open the door, Grandmother. It's Little Red Riding Hood, and I'm bringing you some cakes."

The two kept completely quiet and refused to open the door. Then old Graybeard circled the house a few times and jumped up on the roof. He was planning on waiting until Little Red Riding Hood went home. Then he was going to creep after her and gobble her up in the dark.



But Grandmother figured out what was on his mind. There was a big stone trough in front of the house. Grandmother said to the child, "Here's a bucket, Little Red Riding Hood. Yesterday I cooked some sausages in it. Take the water in which they were boiled and pour it into the trough."

Little Red Riding Hood kept taking water to the trough until it was completely full. The smell from those sausages reached the wolf's nostrils.



His neck was stretched out so far from sniffing and looking around that he lost his balance and began to slide down the roof. He slid right down into the trough and was drowned. Little Red Riding Hood walked home cheerfully, and no one ever did her any harm.

The Tale of Little Red Riding Hood

by Charles Perrault

Once upon a time there was a village girl, the prettiest you can imagine. Her mother adored her. Her grandmother adored her even more and made a little red hood for her. The hood suited the child so well that everywhere she went she was known by the name Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother baked some cakes and said to her: "I want you to go and see how your grandmother is faring, for I've heard that she's ill. Take her some eakes and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood left right away for her grandmother's house, which was in another village. As she was walking through the woods, she met old Neighbor Wolf, who wanted to eat her right there on the spot. But he didn't dare, because some woodcutters were in the forest.

He asked where she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stop and listen to wolves, said: "I'm going to go see my grandmother. And I'm taking her some eakes and a little pot of butter sent by my mother."

"Does she live very far away?" asked the wolf.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century, brothers JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM spent more than 50 years collecting stories from farmers, peasants, and villagers throughout Germany. They wove these tales with published stories, creating *Children's and Household Tales (Kinder- und Hausmärchen)*, perhaps the most famous folktale collection of all time. One of their sources, *Tales and Stories of the Past with Morals (Histoires ou contes du temps passé, avec des moralités)* written by Charles Perrault in 1697, contained "Little Red Riding Hood" ("Le Petit Chaperon rouge"), a cautionary tale clearly meant to warn young ladies of the dangers of listening to older predators.

CHRISTOPHER BING is a highly acclaimed illustrator and editorial cartoonist. His previous works include the 2001 Caldecott Honor Book *Casey at the Bat* by Ernest Lawrence Thayer and *The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design, he currently lives in Lexington, Massachusetts, with his wife and three children, the youngest of whom served as the model for the heroine of this book.

Manufactured in China, July 2010.

The black-and-white base illustrations were drawn on two-ply plate Bristol-weight (100 lb.) board at 125% of the final reproduction size, using Speedball Hunt 108 and bowl pointed pen nibs with Higgins Black Magic Waterproof Drawing Ink. The finished pen-and-ink drawings were transferred at original size by xerographic process onto 80 lb. hot press Fabriano watercolor paper and then painted with Winsor & Newton Artists' Watercolour Paints.

The translation of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm's version of the tale is from "Rotkäppchen" as it appeared in *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 7th edition, 1857; first published Berlin, Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812. The translation of the Perrault version, "Le Petit Chaperon rouge," which is included in *Histoires ou contes du temps passé, avec des moralités*, (Paris, Barbin, 1697). The illustrations accompanying the Perrault text are by Ludwig Richter, and first appeared in *Ludwig Bechstein's Märchenbuch* (1853).

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